

# The Weekly Panola Star.

It is not in the Power of any one to Command Success, but we will do more we will Revere it.

Editor and Proprietor.

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## THE STAR.

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## PRIDE.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Some few years since there lived in

New York a wealthy old gentleman

named Benjamin Carlen. He was a

widower and had but one child—a

daughter, at that time just budding

into womanhood. After the death of

his wife, some six years previous to

the above mentioned date, his whole

affections were lavished upon his daughter.

She possessed a very intelligent

mind, which was highly cultivated.

Also, her's was an affectionate heart,

full, to overflowing, of affectionate

love. But, alas, as is too often true,

she had inherited, in the womanly

heart, a foolish vain distinction between

wealth and poverty. She moved in

the highest circles and among the most

aristocratic. In such society she

could not but many who cherished

above all others that vain distinction.

Therefore, who could blame the poor

girl for thus indulging in the thought

that those who possessed good

superior to the poverty-stricken ones,

whose hands were seamed with labor,

She was no exception. She entertained

no contemptible thoughts when

she received the addresses of

Harry Radcliffe. She met him in the

upper circles of society, and she knew

not but what he was a millionaire.

But he was far from that. All he

possessed was a sound, well-cultivated

mind, and a remunerative profession,

that of a civil engineer.

And it was not till he asked for her

hand that she thought of this. Then

the idea entered her mind, that if he

was not a wealthy, influential man

she could not be his. She knew that

he loved her, she knew that he was

well educated and accomplished; but

she did not know his worldly station.

For these reasons, if reasons they may

be called, she made inquiries of her

acquaintances in regard to him.

She learned from a confident that

he was a poor engineer, which information

brought from her lips a decided

'No,' as he knelt and sought an

answer from her. As he bid her farewell

she felt a choking sensation; she

felt that she had done wrong in refusing

one whom she knew naught of but

goodness, save that he was poor.—

But she would not humble herself to

marry a mechanic—a laborer.

Time passed on, Ada Carlen was a

star in the fashionable circles in which

she moved. Many sought her hand,

but they had not thousands. Still she

could not forget Harry Radcliffe.—

She saw him no more, and often in the

gay assemblies where she previously

met him, she, in her gayest moods,

would momentarily cherish a wish to

meet him; then almost as quick would

she discard it, for he was poor.

At length there was a stir in upper-

town—a foreign gentleman had

arrived. Madame Rumer said his

estates in the old world were boundless;

to all appearances this might be true.

His style of living fully warranted the

statement.

'And he is a prize,' was fully

whispered by his marriageable daughters

and match-making mothers. He

evidently felt himself to be one, for none

but the wealthiest and aristocratic

received his approving smiles.

Of course Ada Carlen 'set her cap'

for him, for he was a man 'after her

own heart.' And her endeavors to

fascinate and enchain the heart of

Sir Henry Radcliffe resulted well, for he

was her chief attendant to all the

balls and parties. He almost made it

his home at the princely Carlen

mansion. In short it was but a few weeks

before it was earnestly whispered

among her acquaintances that Ada

Carlen would soon be Lady Radcliffe.

Even the fair Ada cherished such wild

dreams—visions of white lawns, shady

parks, and dark, old, baronial

mansions, filled her thoughts by day

and dreams by night.

But during all the time, occupied

with parties, rides, walks, and tete-

toties, with the handsome 'foreign

gentleman' she saw nor heard nothing

of Harry Radcliffe. It was seldom now

that her thoughts recurred to him.

Summer came. Ada had never

visited Niagara, and her first trip of

the season must be there, and, of course,

Sir Henry accompanied the father and

daughter. A few weeks were gallily

spent in 'seeing the sights' at the

great 'splash,' when Sir Radcliffe

proposed a short trip through the West.

What he proposed Ada seconded,

and they soon found themselves whizzing

over the iron rails on the Lake Shore

Railroad. They had reached their

journey's end, and were stopping to

rest and enjoy the scenery at D—

for a few days.

The night before their intended

return Ada retired with many wild

thoughts; she had promised Sir Henry

her hand on their return to New York,

and it would certainly be a laborious

duty to record all the bright visions

of bliss which she promised herself

after their intended union.

## THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

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